

The Sermon III

The Creepshow

Get up come on is that all that you've got?!
Your chances exhausted before even taking a shot
But you are out of your league, you float with no sting
Your corner slowly empties while the lonely bell rings
Too busy taking revenge instead of repaying those who've helped
And you weep as you realize your opponent was yourself
Watch your dreams fade away without fame or renown
Like ashes to ashes, They All Fall Down